

Madison National Bank

Oldest Banking Institution in
Madison County

is distributing nearly
\$10,000.00

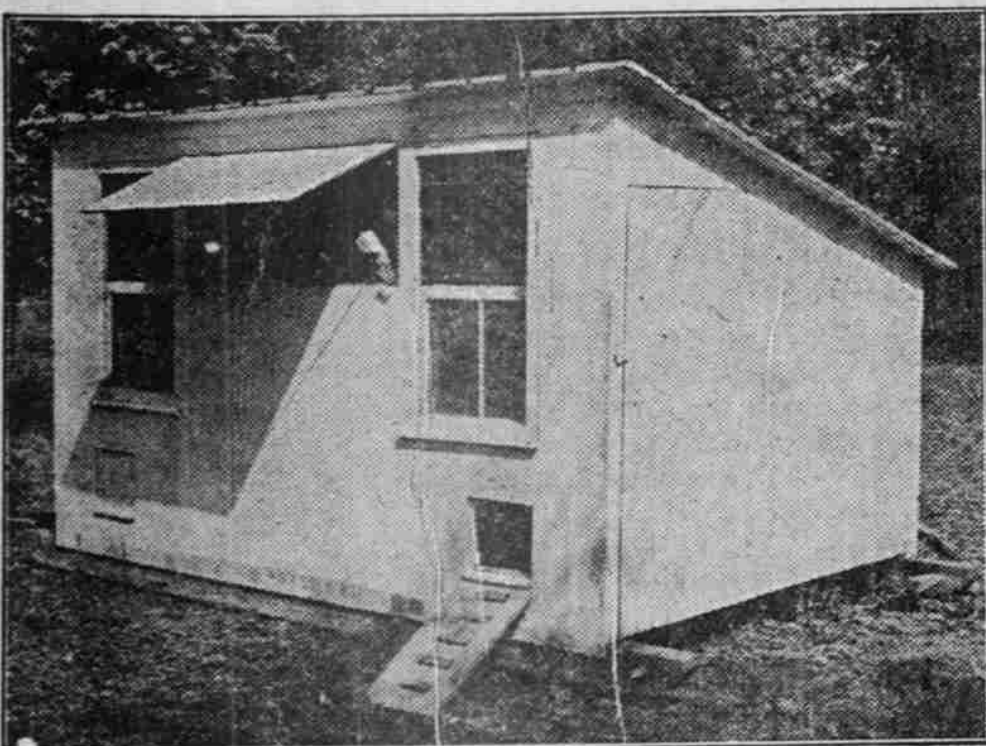
to Members of its
CHRISTMAS SAVINGS CLUB

The New Club for 1915

Starts December 21

Be sure to get in promptly

COLONY HOUSES FOR POULTRY ARE HANDY



Colony House Used at Government Farm at Beltsville, Md.

(By J. W. KELLER. Copyright, 1914.)
After the brooder, before the laying house, what then? The colony house is the answer. Chicks are generally ready to leave the brooder at about six weeks of age—that is, when fully feathered. They are then able to take care of themselves during the day-time, and, except on cold, rainy days, the question of artificial heat is not vital.

There are several types of colony houses, but all should have the following features: Perfectly dry, freedom from drafts, well ventilated, easy to clean and move (this latter should be done every season), and, lastly, they should be attractive, but inexpensive. Don't crowd the chicks in the colony house. Remember, they will be almost grown before they are moved again. Have perches removable, and do not allow the chicks to roost until their bones have hardened up considerably, or they may have crooked breast bones. When roosters are given, have them at least two inches wide.

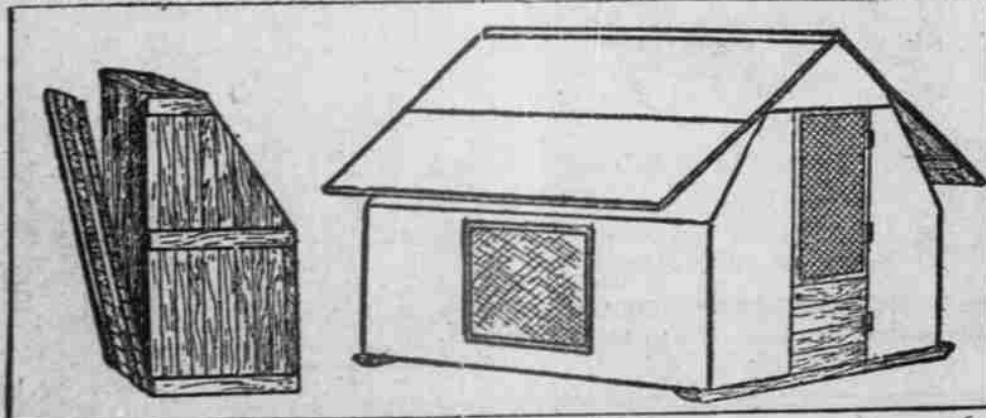
For small flocks suitable colony houses may be made from large store boxes by covering the top and three sides with tar paper, the other side being made of cellar window wire ex-

tending six inches down from the top, which should ordinarily be left uncovered, but there should be a curtain to drop over it in bad weather. The balance of the side should be hinged so it can be thrown open during the day, admitting sunshine and fresh air.

The "A" shaped colony house is not so easily cleaned as some of the others.

Most colony houses average about 6 by 8 feet in size, with shed roof and a large wire covered window with curtain in front. This type should be built on skids, so that they can be easily dragged to new ground with the aid of a horse, and, if tightly built, houses of this sort can be used for layers and also breeders in the winter by the addition of nests, hoppers, etc.

A word about placing the house. Choose well drained ground that is covered with a heavy, sweet sod. An old orchard is almost ideal, as the trees furnish shade during the hot summer days. Clean away any brush piles or thickets which might harbor vermin, and if the same ground must be used year after year, plow it down each fall and sow with some suitable crop which will afford green pasture for the growing birds.



Piano-Box Poultry House.

TELLING SANTA CLAUS HIS WANTS



Yes tell Santa that we can fill his orders on Ties, Mufflers, Hose, Handkerchiefs, House Slippers for men and women, and every conceivable practical gift for men and boys

RICE AND ARNOLD
THE ONE PRICE HOUSE

The Climax-Madisonian

Makes a Nice
Xmas Present
To Your Family

\$1.00 a Year

"SURE, SANTA CLAUS HAS BEEN HERE"



NATION'S LABOR PROBLEM

OVER A MILLION AND A HALF
WOMEN WORK AS FARM HANDS
IN THE UNITED STATES.

By Peter Radford
Lecturer National Farmers' Union.

Our government never faced so tremendous a problem as that now lying dormant at the doors of congress and the legislatures, and which, when aroused, will shake this nation from center to circumference, and make civilization hide its face in shame.

That problem is—women in the field. The last federal census reports show we now have 1,514,000 women working in the field, most of them south of the Mason and Dixon line. There were approximately a million negro slaves working in the fields when liberated by the emancipation proclamation. We have freed our slaves and our women have taken their places in bondage. We have broken the shackles of the negroes and welded them upon our daughters.

The Chain-Gang of Civilization. A million women in bondage in the southern fields form the chain-gang of civilization—the industrial tragedy of the age. There is no oversexed quite so cruel as that of unrestrained greed, no whip that stings like the lash of suborned destiny, and no auctioneer's block quite so revolting as that of organized avarice.

The president of the United States was recently lauded by the press, and very properly so, for suggesting mediation between the engineers and railroad managers in adjusting their schedule of time and pay. The engineers threatened to strike if their wages were not increased from approximately ten to eleven dollars per day and service reduced from ten to eight hours and a similar readjustment of the overtime schedule. Our women are working in the field, many of them barefooted, for less than 50 cents per day, and their schedule is the rising sun and the evening star, and after the day's work is over they milk the cows, sleep the hogs and rock the baby to sleep. Is anyone mediating over their problems, and to whom shall they threaten a strike?

Congress has listened approvingly to those who toll at the forge and behind the counter, and many of our statesmen have smiled at the threats and have fanned the flame of unrest among industrial laborers. But women are as surely the final victims of industrial warfare as they are the burden-bearers in the war between nations, and those who arbitrate and mediate the differences between capital and labor should not forget that when the expenses of any industry are unnecessarily increased, society foots the bill by drafting a new consignment of women from the home to the field. Plinch no Crumb From Women's Crust of Bread.

No financial award can be made without someone footing the bill, and we commend to those who accept the responsibility of the distribution of industrial justice, the still unaided voice of the woman in the field as she pleads for mercy, and we beg that it is plinch no crumb from her crust of bread or put another patch upon her ragged garments.

We beg that they listen to the scream of horror from the eagle in every American dollar that is wrung from the brow of toiling women and hear the Goddess of Justice hiss at a verdict that increases the want of woman to satisfy the greed of man.

The women behind the counter and in the factory cry aloud for sympathy and the press thunders out in their defense and the pulpit pleads for mercy, but how about the woman in the field? Will not these powerful exponents of human rights turn their talent, energies and influence to her relief? Will the Goddess of Liberty enthroned at Washington hold the calloused hand and soothe the feverish brow of her sex who sows and reaps the nation's harvest or will she permit the male of the species to shove women—weak and weary—from the bread-line of industry to the back alleys of poverty?

Women and Children First. The census enumerators tell us that of the 1,514,000 women who work in the fields as farm hands 409,000 are sixteen years of age and under. What is the final destiny of a nation whose future mothers spend their girlhood days behind the plow, pitching hay and hauling manure, and what is to become of womanly culture and refinement that grace the home, charm society and entice man to leap to glory in noble achievements if our daughters are raised in the society of the ox and the companionship of the plow?

In that strata between the ages of sixteen and forty-five are 950,000 women working as farm hands and many of them with suckling babes tugging at their breasts, as drenched in perspiration, they wield the scythe and guide the plow. What is to become of that nation where poverty breaks the crowns of the queens of the home; despair hurls a mother's love from its throne and hunger drives innocent children from the schoolroom to the bog?

The census bureau shows that 155,000 of these women are forty-five years of age and over. There is no more pitiful sight in civilization than these saintly mothers of Israel stooped with age, drugging in the field from sun until sun and at night drenching their dingy pillows with the tears of despair as their aching hearts take it all to God in prayer. Civilization strikes them a blow when it should give them a crown, and their only friend is he who broke bread with beggars and said: "Come unto me all ye that are weary and heavy laden and I will give you rest."

Oh, the land of the free and the home of the brave, the world's custodian of chivalry, the champion of human rights and the defender of the oppressed—shall we permit our millions fair to be torn from hearthstone by the ruthless hand of destiny and chained to the plow? Shall we permit our faithful wives, whom we covenanted with God to cherish and protect, to be hurled from the home to the harvest field, and our mothers dear to be driven from the old arm chair to the cotton patch?

In rescuing our citizens from the forces of civilization, can we not apply to our fair Dixieland the rule of the sea—"women and children first?" There must be a readjustment of the wage scale of industry so that the women can be taken from the field or given a reasonable wage for her services. Perhaps the issue has never been fairly raised, but the Farmers' Union, with a membership of ten million, puts its organized forces squarely behind the issue and we now enter upon the docket of civilization the case of "The Woman in the Field" and demand an immediate trial.

NOT TO BE TRUSTED. A man under the influence of even small quantities of alcohol has no right to believe his senses; he cannot trust them to give him correct facts, and he cannot rely on his judgment for the interpretation of these facts.—Prof. G. Sims Woodhead, M. D., University of Cambridge, Eng.

DON'T WANT SALOONS. It is reported by the Grand Forks (N. D.) Herald that James J. Hill has decided to move the division headquarters of the Great Northern railway from Garrettsville, S. D., to Jasper, Minn., unless the former town votes out its saloons.

ALCOHOL IS BARRED. Sir Edward Shackleton, who is preparing to lead another expedition to the Antarctic, says that the party will take with them no stimulants except tea and cocoa.

REFUSED TO RECOGNIZE DAY

Puritans of England Made Christmas
Illegal and Declared it a Mis-
demeanor to Be Gay.

English Puritans of the seventeenth century guarded against looking upon the rosy side of life.

Because Christmas is really a survival of the Celts' Yule, and is not the actual anniversary of the birth of Christ, they refused to countenance Christmas festivities. Not only did they refuse to recognize the day, but they made laws to that effect.

The parliament of 1644 passed an act ordering all law abiding citizens to observe December 25 as a solemn fast, to be spent in silent atonement for previous Christmas days that had passed in riotous living and merry-making.

Naturally the community did not share in these hard and fast rules, and many a turkey was surreptitiously killed, and many a plum pudding quietly bolted. But woe betide the unfortunate offender against the act were he luckless enough to be discovered.

Soldiers were sent to search the houses of those suspected of harboring such delicacies as mince pies, etc., and many were the pitched battles between disagreeing sections of the public.

UNDER THE MISTLETOE

To ask a girl if you may kiss her before doing it is an insulting way of laying all the responsibility on her.

In a man's opinion a kiss is an end that justifies any means.

You needn't be afraid of a mere kiss. Thousands are exchanged daily by people of the highest reputation.

The kissed girl fears no mistletoe. A kiss is as good as a smile—and a good deal better, too!

The ideal kiss is the kiss that is never given.

A kiss too soon may be a full stop in the tale of love.

The child who doubts about Santa Claus has insomnia. The child who believes has a good night's rest.

DEATH THE LEVELER.

The glories of our birth and state
Are shadows, not substantial things;
There is no armor against fate—
Death lays his icy hand on kings—
Scepter and crown
Must tumble down,
And in the dust be equal made
With the poor crooked scythe
and spade.

The garlands wither on your brow;
Then boast no more your power;
Upon death's purple altar, now
See where the victor victim bleeds!

All heads must come
To the cold tomb.
Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet and blossom in the dust.

—James Shirley.

Our engraved work cannot be excelled.

This Paper Is Read

By

15,000 PEOPLE EVERY WEEK

It covers Richmond and Madison county like a blanket. Has a good circulation in the adjoining counties and throughout the State. Reaches every State and some foreign countries. Our mark for July, 1915, is set at

4,000

Get on our list and help us give
Madison county

A Splendid Local Paper, \$1.00 a Year in Advance
\$1.50 if Charged

Gems In Verse

THE RESTLESS LEGION.
We're off to the end of the world again;
We're off on another trail,
Away from the crowded towns
And the air that is sick and stale.
There's a job at the end of the world for us.
So we're done with our labor here,
And it's pack your grip for the outward trip.
We're off to the new frontier.
And it's "Well, so long!" to the tolling throng;
We're off to the new frontier!

It's off to the land of dreams we are,
Somewhere on the seven seas.
Do we go in peace, do we go in war?
Well, that's as the fates may please.
There may be a king to fight with us
Or a jungle for us to clear.
Whatever the game it's all the same;
We're off to the new frontier!
We're primed all right for work or fight;
We're off to the new frontier!

We're off again on a long, long chance
To the lands beyond the law.
We're off in search of the true romance
And the realms that are new and raw.
There is much still waits for the white man's eyes
And the feet of the pioneer.
So we're off once more to a distant shore;
We're off to the new frontier!
And we shout "So long!" to the tolling throng;
We're off to the new frontier!
—Berton Braloy.

THE FORGOTTEN ROAD.

I KNOW a little lonely country
Road,
Grass grown and shady and a little
sad,
Unused and lost in an enchanted
wood,
Though once, it seems, 'twas high-
way, broad and glad.

NOW, very few its secret entrance
find,
It is so hidden from the soul of
men.
On foot I found it and on foot re-
turn.
To feel its wistful mystery again.

THERE are so few such roads left
us today,
And yet we need them sorely, for
with wings
Agile and bird notes my road
leads me on
To the hushed country of For-
gotten Things.
—Louise Morey Bowman.

MEMORY.

AN old lane, an old gate, an old house
by a tree,
A wild wood, a wild brook—they will not
let me be.
In boyhood I knew them, and still they
call to me.

DOWN deep in my heart's core I hear
them, and my eyes
Through tear mist behold them beneath
the old time skies,
Mid bee hum and rose bloom and or-
chard land arise.

I HEAR them, and, heartsick, with long-
ing in my soul
To walk there, to dream there, beneath
the sky's blue bowl;
Around me, within me, the weary world
made whole.

TO talk with the morning and watch its
rose unfold;
To drowse with the noontide, lulled on
its heart of gold;
To live with the night-time and dream the
dreams of old.

THERE old lane, the old gate, the old
house by the tree,
The wild wood, the wild brook—they will
not let me be.
In boyhood I knew them, and still they
call to me.
—Madison Cawlin.

Get one of Stott's Books at Perry's, 9-4

Truth Is Found at the Bot-
tom of the Well—ALSO
IN THIS PAPER.

*Prosperity
Is Knocking*
Let the good Dame
Fortune enter your
business through the
advertising door.

When you keep your business
a secret you are locking Mme.
Fortune out.

See us to-day about our ad.
rates.

FOR SALE

The consolidation of The Climax and The Madisonian leaves us with a surplus of machinery and type which we can dispose of at reasonable prices FOR CASH

- 1 25-inch Advance Cutter
- 1 2-rev. Cylinder Press (your choice of a Miehle or Scott)
- 1 8x12 Challenge Gordon
- 1 12x18 Chandler & Price Gordon
- 1 1-4 h. p. Electric a. c. Motor, 110 volts
- 1 5 h. p. Electric a. c. Motor, 110 volts
- Acme Stapler, No. 6
- Mustang Mailer

This machinery can now be seen running and all of it is in A1 condition. Nothing worn out. Come while you can see it in operation. Priced low for quick sale for cash. Address

THE CLIMAX-MADISONIAN